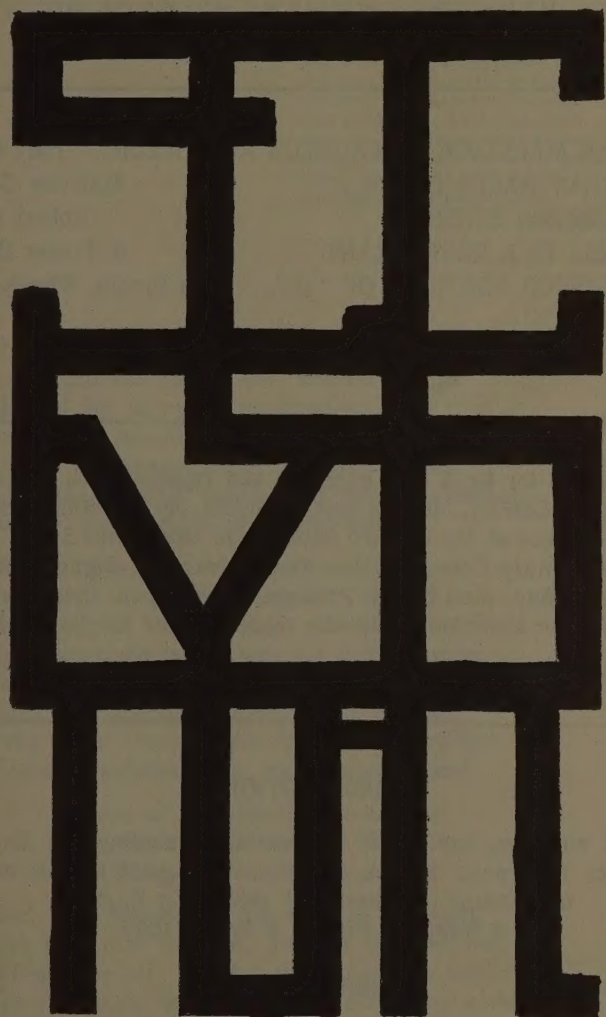


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FOR THE MARRIAGE OF FAUSTUS AND HELEN	Hart Crane
INTO THAT RARER ETHER	Malcolm Cowley
THE CRIMSON EMERALD	Robert Coats
FANTASIA IN A RESTAURANT	S. Foster Damon
UNPUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "Q"	John Brooks Wheelwright
COMMENT	J. B. W.
ERRATA	

Material for No. 5 was accepted and rejected with the advice of Malcolm Cowley. It was printed under my direction with the kind assistance of Mr. Richard Bassett and the Misses Susan Watts Street and Mary Ellis Opdycke. Thanks are due Signor Rainuzzo of 'The Italian Mail', and Professor Marchig of the Florentine Accademy for their help with the cover designs for Nos. 5 and 6.

J. B. WHEELWRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION

For six numbers, one dollar in America, 5 shillings in England, 15 francs in France, 25 lira in Italy. The price of this number is 25 cents in America, 1 shilling in England, 4 francs in France, 5 lira in Italy.

NUMBER SIX

SEPTEMBER

1923

FOR THE MARRIAGE OF FAUSTUS AND HELEN.

*And so we may arrive by Talmud skill
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergeons
Brimstony, blue and fiery; and the force
Of king Abbadon, and the beast of Cittim,
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Abu Ezra do interpret Rome.*

BEN JONSON.

I.

The mind has shown itself at times
Too much the baked and labeled dough
Divided by accepted multitudes.
Across the stacked partitions of the day —
Across the memoranda, baseball scores,
The stenographic smiles and stock quotations
Smutty wings flash out equivocations.

The mind is brushed by sparrow wings;
Numbers, rebuffed by asphalt, crowd
The margins of the day, accent the curbs,
Convoing diverse dawns on every corner
To druggist, barber and tobacconist,
Until the graduate opacities of evening
Take them away as suddenly to somewhere
Virginal perhaps, less fragmentary, cool.

*There is the world dimensional
For those untwisted by the love
Of things irreconcilable....*

And yet, suppose some evening I forgot
The fare and transfer, yet got by that way
Without recall, — lost yet poised in traffic:
Then I might find your eyes across an aisle,
Still flickering with those prefigurations —
Prodigal, yet uncontested now,
Half-riant before the jerky window frame.

There is some way, I think, to touch
 Those hands of yours that count the nights
 Stippled with pink and green advertisements.
 And now before its arteries turn dark
 I would have you meet this bartered blood.
 Imminent in his dream, none better knows
 Lightly as moonlight on the eaves meets snow.

Reflective conversion of all things
 At your deep blush, when ecstasies thread
 The limbs and belly, when rainbows spread
 Impinging on the throat and sides....
 Inevitable, the body of the world
 Weeps in inventive dust for the hiatus
 That winks above it, blues in your breasts.

The earth may glide diaphanous to death;
 But if I lift my arms it is to bend
 To you who turned away once, Helen, knowing
 The press of troubled hands, too alternate
 With steel and soil to hold you endlessly.
 I meet you, therefore, in that eventual flame
 You found in final chains, no captive then —
 Beyond their million brittle, bloodshot eyes;
 White, through white cities passed on to assume
 That world which comes to each of us alone.

Accept a lone eye riveted to your plane,
 Bent axle of devotion along companion ways
 That inconspicuous, glowing orb of praise.

II.

(Printed in Broom, January 1923 under the title
The Springs of Guilty Song)

III.

Capped arbiter of beauty in this street
 That narrows darkly into motor dawn, —
 You, here beside me, delicate ambassador
 Of intricate slain numbers that arise
 In whispers, naked of steel;

religious gunman!

Who faithfully, yourself, will fall too soon,
 And in other ways than as the wind settles
 On the sixteen thrifty bridges of the city:
 Let us unbind our throats of fear and pity.

We, even,

Who drove speediest destruction
 In corymbulous formations of mechanics, —
 Who hurried the hill breezes, spouting malice
 Plangent over meadows, and looked down
 On rifts of torn and empty houses
 Like old women with teeth unjubilant,
 That waited faintly, briefly, and in vain:

We know, eternal gunman, our flesh remembers
 The tensile boughs, the nimble blue plateaus,
 The mounted, yielding cities of the air!

That saddled sky that shook down vertical
 Repeated play of fire — no hypogeum
 Of waves or rock was good against an hour.
 We did not ask for that, but have survived,
 And will persist to speak again before
 All stubble streets that have not curved
 To memory, or known the ominous lifted arm
 That lowers down the arc of Helen's brow
 To saturate with blessing and dismay.

A goose, tobacco and cologne —
 Three winged and gold-shod prophecies of heaven,
 The lavish heart shall always have, to leaven
 And spread with bells and voices and atone
 The abating shadows of our conscript dust.

Anchises' navel, dripping of the sea, —
 The hands Erasmus dipped in gleaming tides,
 Gathered the voltage of blown blood and wine;
 Delve upward for the new and scattered wine,
 O brother-thief of time, that we recall.
 Laugh out the meager penance of their days
 Who dare not share with us the breath released,
 The substance drilled and spent beyond repair
 For golden, or the shadow of gold hair.

Distinctly praise the years, whose volatile
 Blamed bleeding hands extend and thresh the height
 The imagination spans beyond despair,
 Outpacing bargain, vocable, and prayer.

HART CRANE.

Hart Crane's three poems for the *Marriage of Faustus and Helen* are to be read with reference to T. S. Elliot.

In Munson's opinion they are an affirmation that reveals the sub-stratum of the *Waste Land* to be a sentimentality, namely, that depression is a mark of aristocracy.

As word that the second of Malcolm Cowley's "Old Melodies: Love and Death" appeared in the September *Broom* arrived after our July issue was mailed, it was impossible for me to carry out his wish not to have it appear in *Secession*. Unfortunately all I can do is apologise. But I do that.

J. B. WHEELWRIGHT.

INTO THAT RARER ETHER.

The house was full of light
so full of light it bulged at every window
and when he opened the door
what was it rippled and rippled down the pathway
what music that pursued him through the gate?

The enchanted smile of Circe has lost its cunning.

O to escape from these dominical
vulgaries, the laughter of the Jewess
in my pursuit, the phonograph which plays
My Alabama Rose, The Swanee Shore.
Climb, climb the mountain into another air.

He stole away from the house at nightfall, climbed
all night, skirting the brink of precipices
(the fog hid them) and leaping the crevasse.
The vegetation changed as he rose higher

poplars giving place to beeches
beeches giving place to larches
larches giving place to meadows
meadows blanching into snow.
Climb farther, climb.

Above the last sparse meadow among the snows
there hides the flower I chose for my device
excelsior, among the snowdrifts hidden
in snowdrifts blooming and fading, edelweiss.

I plucked an edelweiss
I held the flower like Carmen between my lips
Standing alone on the highest precipice
baying aloud to the moon.
Suddenly I found her at my side.

The moon took refuge under the Heiterwand.

And have you known the last white ecstasy
among the snows when over the Heiterwand
the expensive sun flames like an oil well flaming?
You saw her blood that stained the snow at dawn?

White. No word spoken. A thunder in the dawn.

She was gone suddenly, floating away through air
the gulf was bottomless, I leaped to follow.

And rather as a feather drops he fell
he floated down past layer after layer
of vegetation, larch, beech, poplar and farther
descending faster and faster he sees the palm
the cactus, orchids, banyans heavy with creepers
and creeping snakes over the dead lagoon.

It was beside the dead lagoon he died.

The angel horde takes flight : what hands are lifting
him and who has seized the four bruised members
and who has taken the head?

They are swinging him ever upwards and they are
singing hymns to his praise in honour of the dead.

They are singing angel hymns in ancient Hebrew : he
sings their hymns in Hebrew as he rises, *miaaritz*
out of the land of Egypt rising, *mitzraim* out of
the house of bondage rising, out of these desolate
marshes rising to sing, and rises ever

into that rare ether which is breathed by mortal lips
by mortal lungs ah never.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

THE CRIMSON EMERALD.

CHAPTER I.

Into A Trap.

Adroitly through six shirts winding a rear axle not
 35 la pièce
 and
 great gesticulation the arms not moving oh hundreds
 "Is that he?" - "Yes!"
 "Are you sure?" - "It is! It is! The dark-bearded-man. I know. Oh!
 Frederic! Follow, follow for your life!"
 I pressed her to me; one kiss; and
 I was off, on the long blind trail
 but the dark-bearded-man had long since
 disappeared in the crowd
 but I followed.

CHAPTER II.

La rue de l'Arquebuse.

I had no difficulty finding the number and the door opening
 I was in
 a black-draped hall meeting me dissolving out of the velvet hangings a
 large negro servant who before melting into a curious scintillating pool like
 ink at my feet was leading me
 down a long corridor I following clutching
 in my left hand coat pocket the scented silk handkerchief.
 As I walked (the distance seemed interminable) trying as far as possible
 to step within the negro's footprints (for fear which I had learned in
 Africa of an ambush, etc.) which however disappeared as we progressed I
 perceived suddenly that it was quite dark (the candor which I intend to
 observe during the entire course of this narrative compels me to admit that
 my heart beat more rapidly, that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth
 that when a sudden clutch of fear trickled down my spine I was near
 abandoning the what now seemed foolhardy venture and making the best

of my way out of this strange) a fact that hitherto I had not noticed due perhaps to the peculiar greenish light shed on us from a considerable height by a regular series of (the windows in the Clerestory of the Choir on the south side are as follows:—no. 1. The glass was removed in 1773. (a) Used to represent S. Bartholomew; (b) the Virgin with a....)

at this moment I observed that the negro had vanished

simultaneously someone was shouting
 “We are descending! Man the guy ropes!” —

I shook myself vigorously
 to maintain my disguise for Zobaïda had said in that last red-lipped crushed moment before Park Lane “Beware of the dark-bearded-man” — her eyes had filled with tears I remembered as I began to run stumblingly and —
 “Good-bye dearest”, she had said. “I will be watching. I will return.”

I was in the room I sought at last.

CHAPTER III.

“Eye To Eye!”.

The Duchesse was not there. So much I saw in the first quick glance. Then a rush of gratitude penetrated my cancerous heart — gratitude for the training that had enabled Fisif to seize camerallike and store away in an inexhaustible memory the impressions of a fleeting eyeflash. I saw

1. That there were a great number of rats running about — a great number even for Rome.
2. A picture of (him who forever in my life shall be nameless) the X framed in chrysophrase and scented with oleander on the north wall.
3. A curious fungus-like growth apparently having its roots in the carpet itself.

3a. From the sturdy lower roots this strange plant branched in intertwining tracery the tendrils of which as it neared the vaulted ceiling growing steadily finer at the same time extending further from the parent stem until at the height of a man's eye the whole wall (not including the woodwork which as I wrote in my notebooks was: ‘painted white’) was covered netlike lacelike foamlike with a surface gently billowing, green and odorous

the effect on the nerves
 was anaesthetic in the extreme my^y eyes closing during the few moments I

was conscious that two steel arms had descended inexplicably from the ceiling grasping my shoulders spinning me pivotlike around

the whole room had been blazing with color from my eye firelike my eye arabesques shooting painfully that all even the room itself originating and a dark flashing the dark-bearded-man crossing into two fine black lines receding

Rather than any definite sound a sense of another presence in the room had made me turn. Robed in white he stood before me as I took my new position (facing due S. by S. W.). This, I had not foreseen.

"Picrolas! You devil! Half man! Half beast! Murderer of Sir George and thief of the Silver Casket!" I had gasped barely conscious of what I said or did. — "At last I have found you!" and I had taken a step forward.

"Look about you before you move!" — his voice sternly washing me I looked. Ringed about with a dozen barrels of as many revolvers but I had passed reason....

"Come what will", — I cried. "We are eye to eye at last!!" and I rushed at him

but the my knees willowing floor I felt heaving and a sudden it was and all had given way going I was down dropping.... Dropping through darkness.... Above me a mocking laugh.... The thin streams of darkness.... But the scented handkerchief was safe....

CHAPTER IV.

The Road To Dordives.

The road from Brogne to Dordives is a good eight kilometres and there is little shade a fact at noon on the particular day of which we speak (compensated perhaps by the splendid view afforded at all points of the journey of the *Crystal Hills* which lift their snowclad towered battlements to the air dazzling while below far below. The eye of the traveller is recruited by vistas (framed as it were in the enduring stone) of green receding into distant valleys the green of waving trees the blue of budding hyacinths making the spot a veritable paradise far remote from the hum of trade or the throbbing arteries of the larger cities) the road curves among the historic Bronnais slopes some tired animal wishing to stretch its dusty

length to plunge into the *carte-postale* waters of the *Faugne* until rounding a bend.

We perceive what had hitherto been hidden by a copse of firs — the Chateau of the Duchesse de la Haute-Royaume itself.

The two men (simply clad both of medium height) paused. While the one stared his mind filled with unutterable thoughts at the historic towers the stone ageyellowed the park studded with chestnuts bloomfrosted

the other

drew from the beggar's pack (or wallet) he carried a large piece of Bread and Chesse which he proceeded philosophically to munch:

“ — We are late François. The guests have already arrived. ” —

“ I don't like this job anyway. Murder has never met with my approval as you are well aware, Picrolas. Jigglin' a tumbler, that's my line, or a stick-up or maybe shovin's tha queer.... ”.

“ Listen to me, Croquebol ”, — the other had seized him by the shoulder shaking him roughly while his keen eyes bored at him like twin splinters of steel — “ What of the affair at Rouen? And little Sophie, Sir George's daughter? You know I have you in my power and I tell you I mean to use it. As for you ” — turning he shook his fist at the gleaming towers of the distant mansion while a spasm of fury more demoniac than human distorted his usually impassive features — “ As for you Duke Frederic, owner of the Winghurst emerald, millionaire and multi-millionaire, betrothed to Zobaïda! You thought to foil me and like the others you shall suffer for it. You shall pay for the rue de l'Arquebuse! You shall pay to night! ” — He turned to his companion — “ Come along! ”

as the two disappeared around the corner

as I rose from my orchestra chair I peered from the brush in which I had lain hidden. What had he meant by the rue de l'Arquebuse? and what by the betrothal to Zobaïda? and what then of Elaine prostrate in Alabama with the fever?

and still more puzzling what had Zobaïda meant by the dark-bearded-man of whom

inexplicably

I was to

beware? and the scented silk handkerchief? and that last long burning kiss bitten forever in my quivering heart? She?

Never?

But one thing above all was sure. I must act. In the dark if need be but I must act, and to-night. Raising my eyes toward heaven as I stood

there (I am not ashamed to admit that I coupled the name of Zobaïda and myself in the simple prayer I breathed toward Him who watches All before I too had started warily down the road)....

CHAPTER V. A Telegram To Paris.

The night clerk was nodding sleepily in his yellow porcelain room and a stranger entering

flinging down on the desk — “Send this to Paris at once!” — The clerk with lazy (he had conical fingers and bluepainted eyes) reading two short lines it was written in violet ink (a fact of major importance: he was able to recall at the time when he was later called to testify before the Assizes)

Six hogshead impenetrable corkscrew papier gommé drips into
wrench leaves apart hygienic napkins instantaneously

a sense of
parallels outside the window — “I can’t accept this sir sorry but....” —
“Take it I say. It must reach Paris before eleven five meridian time” —
“Sorry but this is code isn’t it? And we are not allowed to take messages in code without special authority from the Minister of Public Instruction himself or a letter from M. Gorgonzac the huissier of the arrondissement. You will find him rue Victor Hugo number 5 but I think he has gone out to dinner with the Suzifers since it’s Thursday night sir” —

his head sink-
ing down again on the dinner plate surface yielding nevertheless woolily to
his practised temples

— “Will this persuade you?” —

The uncomprehending face of the badge fastened to the stranger’s left suspender now revealed stared at the clerk’s embarrassed mouth.

CHAPTER VI. Quarter To Ten.

“What time is it?”

“Sixteen minutes to ten.”

The motor roared. Trees fled past with outstretched arms as from a pursuing terror. Beyond the long meadows of the plain died dimly in the allsurrounding haze circled revolving slowly into the distant hills the road

the white road ever streaming into the pinched glare ahead the road the long road straight and flying

"What time is it now?"

CHAPTER VII.

" = From Fisif! ".

Three men in the office of the Surêté. They were still digesting their luncheon. The eldest smelled of the onions he had eaten. The more active intestines of the two younger men had long ago ejected these more amenable vegetables only the red wine that had flavored the meal now disturbed their bowels. Said the first as he stuck a pin through the stub of his cigarette depositing it in the upper drawer of his desk: — "There has been no word from Rio de Janeiro as yet?" —

"No."

"Fisif alone on the job, eh?"

"Yes.... and Picrolas still at large."

"Picrolas! Faugh! I tell you I have never believed in this tom-foolery!"

"Yes.... Perhaps.... And yet...."

"I tell you Picrolas is the crackbrained invention of an idiot seeking promotion! Fisif concocted the whole affair to explain away his failures excuse his absences and insure his promotions. There never was a murder at Rouen — " — bubbles forcing their way upward through a jellylike substance interrupted but the speaker bowed apology and continued — " — the silver casket never existed Zobaida the beautiful Indian princess is a myth Duke Frederic the Duchesse de la Haute-Royaume — all are characters in the farce Fisif has concocted to justify his other.... " — "And the red emerald?" — " — The red emerald as well; who has seen it? who has touched it?"

"And Picrolas?"

"Yes Picrolas — " — the air vibrated a moment in the shell-like room it was as if the lip of a bell had quivered above it — " — Picrolas too is a part of the farce of Fisif! Even Picrolas!" —

But

As the name still trembled on his lips an arrow sped across the room impaling the map of the Alpes-Maritimes driving its point through the black spot labelled 'Dordives'.

Tied to the feathered end was an envelop On it the one word printed :
PICROLAS.

As the three sat gaping a hammering on the door (end of third reel)

voice shouting : " Messieurs. Passez la monnaie. A telegram. "

" From whom? "

" Fisif! " — While the word resounded the third man got up and left
the room. It was the dark-bearded-man.

But I followed....

CHAPTER VIII.

From All Directions.

" There goes the night express south " — said the towerman at number
five as he pulled several levers

In the crowd on the Pont Neuf two men
intersecting were hardly noticeable one handing the other a lighted cigar-
ette which opening contained the one word " Come "

The dark-bearded-man
ran around the corner around the corner around the

Ground dropping away
horizontal but the houses shrinking out of trees fields developing geometry
into all faulike compressible and the air slapping his cheek red as a

skid a
town, bumpy, also because the old Hall-Scott throws oil as the passenger
gazed steadily downward it blurs, his goggles unfamiliar his hand locked
one the lever that will release the bomb

And the dark-bearded-man entered
the ' Chien Qui Hurle '. Passing rapidly among the gonzesses, grues, sidis,
maquereaux, cargoles, gigolos, apaches and three little maids from Canada
seated at the narrow tables he hastily whispered in the ear of the great
hairy giant drinking sherry wine in the further corner and a moment later
five men left the cutthroat hole and entered the waiting taxi

In the dark
green dungeon all sorts of curious ideas flickered through my mind would
the day never end

Walking along the railway embankment he hastily tapped
the telegraph wires humming overhead listening a moment he sheek his fist
in the air

A moment. Then both rushed. She stepped between. An unknown force sent us both reeling in opposite directions. Fire leaped and licked the painted scenery backstage and — “Run! Turn in the alarm! Run! For your life!” — It was now too late. But there was yet time. He hailed a passing motorcar

A motorcycle tore through the little village of Braque-en-Queue going west the dark-beard streaming

He leaped from the Metro and boarded a tram....

“Fisif!”

“Picrolas!”

“Zobaïda!”

.....

“There is no one but Fisif now to save the Duchesse and you!” I gasped as she swept me into the car.

CHAPTER IX.

In The Toils Of Fear.

The old hall in bygone days had echoed to the blare of trumpets welcoming kings in festival arriving; young princes here had pointed the toe to tread a measure; fluted red and flowered in gold the high mirrored walls and groined ceiling of the majestic room had draped color before this but never on a more picturesque spectacle than that whose animation enlivened and whose dignity charmed the eye on the night of June 3.

Her gracious manner and aristocratic air putting all guests immediately at ease the Duchesse de la Haute Royaume moved splendidly through the titled throng or threaded her beaming way among the clustered groups of immaculate gentlemen along the pillared wall who watched the dancers weaving to the strains of the orchestra discoursing dulcetly hidden in a bower representing the Garden of Eden at one end of the hall while others partook of the sweetmeats *glaces* and amber drinks in glittering glasses and snowwhite napery which the redplush footmen never ceased dispensing to

“That is she!”

“Who?”

“The *Princesse Zobaïda*”

“She who at midnight is to wed
“ the young Duke *Frédéric* ? ”

"The Duke *Frédéric*."

The negligent young Count levelled his eyeglass as he leaned against a marble pillar singling out the personage mentioned — "He has but lately returned from Africa?" he inquired languidly.

"Laden with honors."

"Odd, isn't it, that last night was the first time his mother, the *Duchesse*, our amiable hostess had seen him?"

"They had been separated all his life. You know too of course that the *Princesse Zobaïda* had not seen him either during the space of five years?"

"I think the *Opéra* is such a bore, *n'est-ce pas?* I really do"

"No! Really?"

"Gad, yes. Romantic, eh? — and the King of Italy sipped his champagne.

"And they wed at midnight."

Outside an airplane with a scarcely audible crunching sound grounded on the smooth terrace. A figure, indistinguishable in the darkness, stepped...

"Won't you have some more chicken salad?" — the *Duchesse* was radiant.

"I have promised this dance to my dear *Frédéric*." — smiling the *Princesse Zobaïda* gave her slenderness to the arms of her betrothed all in the and sinister eye of the man great

room noted the sombre look as he swung her into the opening beat of the measure....

"I had five thousand shares of Belgian-Foreign and it's dropped thirty-five points" —

"My dear let me recommend you my own *coiffeur*."

"And they are to be married to-night!"

The taxi stopped its throbbing motor quickly hushed at the park gate. The five men got out. Smoking a cigarette as at a signal another man emerged from the shadow and joined them. All disappeared.

"My dear *Frédéric* you must smile more — the *Duchesse* remonstrated shaking a jewelled forefinger as he passed with *Zobaïda* in the dance.

The man's sombre face grew blacker his eye lightninglike watching.

"How beautiful she is!"

"A jewel of Arabia" —

A whistle. Paused steaming the nightexpress had already discharged its single passenger. A motorcycle showed its white glare.

"May I offer you a cigarette my dear Earl?" "And they wed to-night."

"He dances with her persistently at the further end of the room."

"Did you drop this handkerchief?" — the lady fluttered her fan.

"It's the end nearest the terrace."

"How dark his eye!"

"How smiling hers!"

The dark-bearded-man had entered the room. Simultaneously seven other men with their overcoats drawn to conceal their faces appeared at seven equidistant points along the wall and stood motionless each clasping the revolver in his coatpocket. Soon ten more entered mingling unobtrusively among the dancers. Only I, *Fisif*, of the gay throng saw them. But I saw! And the Duke was dancing with the laughing *Zobaïda*. Did she know?

"They draw nearer the terrace."

"My dear Baron...."

"It is black without."

"He with his clouded face is like a moth that seeks the darkness."

"We think of going to Cannes."

"But he seeks *Zobaïda* and she is all light."

"I find it hot in Orkney."

"The Duke holds her with his arm as if he were never to release her."

"Yes do you see? it almost seems she struggles in his grip."

"Her face is white."

"She turns."

"I don't but my dear oh! was going *Boissy d'Angof* course had

"The music has stopped."

"What is it? The music has stopped!"

"Who are those men?"

"Look! The Duke has lifted the *Princesse* in his arms."

"He is carrying her to the window!"

"Who are those dark men running?"

At this moment I pressed the button.

The room in darkness I rushed to her waving the scented handkerchief taking care not to lose my grip on the electric wire. The tumult in that suddenly darkened room can easily be imagined the music stopped on a discord the loud cries the screams of women the shouts of men blows struck we were being dragged to the window his hot now I felt full in my face the cold clammy cloth I had expected my deductions in the Rouen case were right and I clapped the handkerchief over her face and mine and we clung

her arms about me for a moment out of the awful pandemonium

I began to struggle the men

"What is get his arm gentlemen am don't speak where are the servants is we are lost I there is if he draws his gun lamy neck oh! Fisif Zobaïda! that's there down with him Picrolas! it black quick this way oh! Zobaïda my God! Zobaïda Fisif! Zobaïda! Death! Oh! Pic—"

Luckily I had never let go the electric wire now I pressed into in the dark matrix below the cogs moving the slow levers began irresistibly in their courses

High above as the columns lifted Zobaïda and I, now clutched in each other's arms saw the floor below sink gradually down amidst inconceivable shrieks and cries

but I rang the alarm bell apprising the guests of what had happened in a short time they had adjusted the safety helmets with which they had been provided. Then opening the switchboard case I pulled number 2 releasing the deoxygenator. A thin mist the only evidence of its work. The floor was still sinking. I opened number S. A which as of escaping air and the walls were closing. That was all.

The guests (in this connection the complete sangfroid of the Duke of Borgonelle and the Principio dell'Estrada coupled with the work of the servants who had of course immediately rushed in cannot be too highly praised) by now were thoroughly reassured. The ruffians however were still struggling. I turned on the calcohydrate illuminators and as the light became clearer I motioned Zobaïda (whom I loved for her self-possession at this trying moment more than any living thing on earth) to close her eyes. A slight pressure on my arm was her only response and I depressed lever 9 to the limit.

The room began to spin, slowly at first, but gathering speed. The dial soon registered maximum — 1000. I held it there; while I reached for the ethlaminators and noted their steadiness as the whirling floor re-

sounded like thunder under their heavy blows. One after the other in quick succession I induced the Rotators until the swivelmeters touched 30.000, at which point I touched number 4. At the second shock, a cry of unspeakable anguish forced itself up from the inferno below.

"We surrender" — they were calling — "Stop. Stop, man, or we die! Spare us! We surrender!"

I nodded to the policemen who had entered and whom I had observed below, in readiness. Stepping carefully among the recumbent gnests, they quickly had the handcuffs on the eighteen criminals. Then and only then, I touched the button permitting the hydrostatic oil columns (on which Zobaïda and I had been uplifted) to descend.

As we reached the floor, Zobaïda still clinging to my arm, I first made my way to the Duchesse. As the lights went on again, she started back at sight of the bloody face of him who, now handcuffed, she had last beheld in the arms of the Princess.

"My son! My son!" — she screamed

His dark lips curled. I stepped in

"Madame, he is not your son, but an imposter. He is Picrolas, a criminal of the deepest dye. The rest will be explained later. In the meantime permit me to present myself. I, Fisif, Duke Frederic, am your son."

CHAPTER X.

Conclusion.

"When I arrived on the scene from Africa and saw Picrolas at his dastardly work again I knew that it would be useless to interfere. I should have been clapped into jail as an imposter or a madman. Besides, in my character of Fisif the detective (which I assume from time to time as my other occupations bore me I wanted to lay Picrolas by the heels.

"I made myself known, then, only to Zobaïda, and laid my plans. The rest — you saw what happened to-night."

"Ah! my brave boy" — said the Duchesse fondly — "But" — and she shuddered at the thought — "To think I harbored a viper and such a one within my very bosom for so long!"

"It couldn't be helped mother. And he is out of harm's way now" — and I turned lightly to answer another inquiry. — "The Silver Casket?"

"Only a blind to conceal his real identity with the murder of Sir George at Rouen."

"Robbery I suppose?" //

"No, I have the Red Emerald here" — and I drew it from my waistcoat pocket as I spoke — "He murdered him in order that the sinking of the Clamingdon might never be discovered. This fact once clear, it was an easy matter to trace his implication with the Hindleworth affair. There, the green sweater gave me the clue I needed. Disguised as a physician, I followed him here —

"For the rest, a slight matter of mechanical ingenuity (which luckily I had picked up at Cape Town) coupled with a smattering of chemistry — and you know the rest. Picrolas and the dark-bearded-man are on their way to jail with their accomplices, I am here, and Zobaïda and — by the way, the wedding!";

As we, or rather I, spoke, the great clock in the hall struck midnight. She stands beside me now as I write, the wife who is more than wife than friend than comrade lover more than all combined to the happy man who pens these lines. And she will remember that strange wedding — the frightful disorder of that room where hell had raged so short a time before. But our happiness made us forget the upturned tables torn napery shattered glass. The orchestra struck up a melody, the minister was ready, the procession formed. Blinded by the dazzling future, we stepped blithely across the very spot where Picrolas and the dark-bearded-man had made their last desperate attempt in the darkness to end my life and walked on, the cheering guests all following, toward the whiterobed minister who book open, finger poised eyes beaming waited to pronounce over us the words that made us man and wife.

THE END.

ROBERT COATS.

Mr. Frank Shay complains that the size and shape of SECESSION make it too easy for his customers to "lift" copies from his shop. While we are proud to have a circulation among thieves, we beg our impecunious patrons to divert their activities to Brentano's, who are better able to stand the loss.

FANTASIA IN A RESTAURANT.

(Enter the Philosopher).

I come to scowl at people making merry.
 — Waiter, waiter !... Bring me a glass of sherry,
 With it some blue-points.... In the mundane hell
 This place is solitary as cell.
 One is segregated in the indecorous,
 Cut off from Life by ladies of the chorus,
 Morons, and married folk. — Oh, waiter ! get
 Consommé, chicken livers en brochette,
 And Burgundy ; stop that sentimental ballad,
 Then bring me something simple for a salad,
 French pastry, demi-tasse.... and then I may
 End up with Chartreuse or a Pousse-café.
Thus does the erstwhile votary of Pallas
 Consummate wisdom in a lobster palace.

*(The orchestra strikes up ; and the music
 is the voice of those present).*

First Semi-Chorus

We are the common common people
 Whose undeveloped souls and bodies
 Are always obviously feeble.

Second Semi-Chorus

— Yet we admit this with a smile,
 For weakness is the strength of millions
 Because our hearts are vile.

Tutti

Life is neither real nor earnest
 And we haven't any goal.
 Lust we are.

(Solo Seraphicus)

— until the sternest
 Hour arrives —

Tutti (pianissimo)

(That's Death !)

Solo

— and then
 We bitterly bewail our lives,
 But hope to live again !

(Tutti (pianissimo))

And pray to live again.

*(The Chorus of women rises over their
 decrescendo).*

In the baskets of our corsets
 Our breasts are arranged as fruits ;
 Yet we yawn whenever a bore sets
 His eyes there. Men are such brutes !
 For they know that we know that they know
 The platitudes of our desires,
 That our arms are but dusty snow,
 And our lips but painted fires.

The Cabaret-Singer (as their Soloist).

I try to be wicked,
 But only am rude;
 I try to look naked,
 But merely seem nude.

*(The Philosopher cries out to himself over
 a whiskey-Sour with Claret).*

The Eternal Quatrain
 Tortures my brain!
 Unbelievable pain!!

*(The Decadents chant individually supersubtle
 rhythms).*

We are emaciate hypersensitives, whose unsatiate souls yearn
 for anything that lives or dies! Ah! for some perfumed death,
 burning yet icy, (though without Catholic requital) whence we can
 attain painlessly to a paradise where pose is no longer vital!...

*(A deep murmur, the Chorus of the Poor,
 beats against the window-panes).*

Ignorance is the true Devil;
 Therefore we revel
 In sin.
 Leisure is not on this planet;
 Therefore we cannot
 Get in.
 Happiness comes to us never;
 When shall it ever
 Begin? "

*(The Hand-Organ, as their Soloist, rises from the
Chorus on a chromatic scale).*

Plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk-a-plunk!
Love! Love!
Love is divine!
It's flowers and music, and moonlight and wine.
 So, plink-a-plink,
 Deep let us drink
Of Love, Love, Love!

*(The combined choruses of all present
hum the tune softly).*

Tingle, tingle, tingle, tingle, tingle, tink!
Youth! Youth!
Youth is the thing!
For Youth alone can gambol and sing.
 Best, tra-la-la,
 Of phenomena
Is Youth! Youth! Youth...!

(A subterranean chorus chants to the Philosopher).

All you who crowd the halls of light
And sleep in meadows of fair dreams
Know nothing of our caves of night;
Your sun needs much more potent beams
To pierce the place where darkness teems
Above our nigromantic rite.

Kneeling around our cream-robed priest,
There the prayer that has never ceased,
The very-old, the ever-new,
To the one god we know is true:
Pan, though changed wholly to a beast;
For, behind all the black, Pan waits,

While kneeling women play choking tunes
 On the secret ivory flutes; while hates
 Burst into madness, till double moons
 Drip blood over a crowd that swoons,
 Prone men, writhen before the gates;

All praying that of our cries will reach
 At least one wave to the upper air,
 Where you in the sunlight pray and preach
 Before a Christ tortured past care,
 Nailed to the Egyptian symbol there,
 Whose meaning no one now dares teach.

*(The Philosopher, over his last drink of
 Apricot Brandy, soliloquizes).*

The moments pass, disguised as precious hours.
 The electric fans blaze into live sunflowers.
 The lighted cross upon the church outside
 (Fit symbol?) blurs to a glory streaked and pied.
 The whole world is a statuesque hosanna
 Around my ecstasy, which is Nirvana.
 — The silent ecstasy, rarely attained
 For it is seldom sought (though often feigned).
 I've sat too long — my trowsers bind me tightly.
 I wonder can I stretch my legs politely?
 The moon moves statelily above the city
 Making a sight banal, but rather pretty,
 Beholding here a wedding, there a birth,
 A death, or almost anything on earth,
 — All the great acts of Life — or their rehearsals....
 How nice it is to think of Universals!...

(He tips the waiter extravagantly and goes).

S. FOSTER DAMON

UNPUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "Q".

To C. H. C.

He spoke with us upon a mound
 where he wished us to await him,
 as he spoke he turned his eyes
 to the goatmen driving herds
 along a road with sudden bends.
 « Be as lambs in the midst of wolves ».
 « Shepherd, if your sheep are killed? — »
 « Lambs never fear wolves after death! »
 his dry reply. His face went blank
 and as he spoke he turned his eyes
 toward the cave where he was born....

When once he appeared to us and said
 « Be Moneychangers and retain
 « good metal, but reject the bad.
 « Ye Exchangers, it is yours
 « to prove my words as one proves silver »,
 we, Strangers to wisdom, took him for a demon,
 for he cast no shadow

—but now as in those days
 before we grew half used
 to breathing air suffused
 with presences which tended on our wants
 those days before the compelling Secret
 gushing from Peter's mouth
 made our tongues prick
 those days when we had only thought him....
 thought him only a more imperious Rabbi
 Rabbi who had entered
 to expiate the sin of Abel,
 imperious Prophet who had quenched
 the fire upon those bloody altars
 Prophet who dared to have entered the Holy of Holies
 searching the Key of Knowledge hidden there
 the Key to his Kingdom, his Kingdom's key
 of which he is Doorway and Door,
 and when he had found it, had given it Peter
 Prophet upon whom lately the Dove descended

bearing in Her beak a dripping twig
 from the sappy Tree of Life
 fluttering above him
 dropping chrism upon him
 making him christ

The pure soul, from Baptism still moist, said
 « Eat of every herb
 « but of that Herb bitter in itself
 « eat not »,
 then, thirsting for the cup of disappointment
 hungering for the eatage of despair
 weak as only the strong dare seem
 lavishing
 Dogs and Swine with Pearls and Gold
 which were for him and for his friends alone

— No more to royster and drink with women
 turning them back to virgins with our banter,
 no more to lead mothers and children far from their homes,
 nor to deny the Temple tribute,
 no more to travel about munching other people's barley,
 nor to hoist their cattle from pits
 relishing the Sabbath-breaking,
 now it was to be nothing but slums and suburbs, the City.
 of course, we did as we were told, - he told us to
 we gossiped of the « wider scope »
 but we saw our lives grow hideously different
 and we thought of him as sinless, if folly be not sin —

In the sarcastic stillness of catastrophe
 shame numbed us....
 some of us would sit for hours
 turning his favourite Scroll of Enoch
 with blueing, unrecording eyes....
 The news that he was risen first seemed natural
 (as daybreak does, after the first gray doubt)
 and much less lonely so.
 But we were roused to life, for his brother
 James the Ascetic, the Just
 told us, ran to us and told us
 the ascetic James, the just James, came running to us to say
 that no sooner had the Lord given the High Priest's servant

the miraculous Napkin printed in blood with his features
 than the Lord came to him where he lodged
 asked for a table and bread
 took the bread, blessed it and break
 and commanded him saying « Forget to fast, my brother
 « take my Bread and eat
 « for with me, man is risen from among the sleepers ».

Serenely weeks slipped by
 only to feel him with us was enough
 enough to have a look at him at flashing moments
 enough, how his neck behind his ear
 sloped to the beam-like shoulder of the Carpenter,
 enough, at wine shops how napkins folded by his hands
 betrayed that he had left us broken Bread
 (The Marys say, at Joseph's tomb the Cerements
 likewise were folded unmistakably by him).

He spoke with us upon a mound
 where he wished us to await him
 (he seemed reluctant to give up
 many things he had found sweetly
 bedded in life's bitterness)
 and as he spoke he grew less tangible,
 (I thought the Spirit of the Waters might once again
 carry him by his hair to Mount Thabor)
 as he spoke, his words passed comprehension
 (often they did)

« My Kingdom shall not be till 2 = 1

« that which is <, >

« and + and o neither + nor o ».

I saw him stretch his arms

I thought him tired and yawning

but with a shock of shame I knew

the benediction in the attitude I had not seen before.

(I did not see him die).

We saw his Scars glow red

the body melt to effulgence

and (will you believe it?)

Him of Fire

mounting on subservient Seraphim,

whirl, twist away.

He stretched his arms as if for flight
 his five Scars glowed
 his chest lifted as for breath
 and his heels as if for dancing,
 his legs hung from his hips like a bell below his torso
 swung like a bell below his hips
 he lifted his chin in song,
 his smoking robe consumed in flame
 White Flames, Petals of Lilies
 Lilies of Flame, Dimmed by the effulgence of his Flesh.
 There, a triumphal statue with no monument, he stood
 then mounted higher upon the very air,
 his footprints ringed wider, like footprints on still water
 ringed, broke into Stars, Wings, legionary Eyes,
 in rushing flight about him, in spheres and disks the Seraphim
 Span, Whirled, Twisted; Flickered, Gleamed away
 away toward the opened firmament, with the triangular Name above it
 above It and away.

We gaped and shook our heads and gazed
 after what had passed before our eyes :
 — the One True God, returning to his Father in Heaven
 as to his Mother on Earth, he had come, the One True God —
 stared not only in wonder, not with loneliness,
 feeling he was with us, permanent.

Then, from two Strangers sudden beside us
 the rebuke to plowmen who look back, « Galileans
 « why look into space?
 « The man who has gone up will so come down
 « to judge you by those things in which he overtakes you
 « and you, before that instant time, must tell the world ».

We turned and fled, not as we had fled
 from that disturbed suburban orchard,
 not so now, for we were fleeing
 towards God's city, not away from it.
 Our heads were buffeted by Clubs, by Stones,
 Swords, Glaives, Knives, Saws bit our feet
 the blood spattered over our paths.
 Forward, Sideways, Backward, Forwards
 four pitched prone,
 lay like fallen Crucifixions "

a moment, and then on again.
I and another plunged down hill
with backs bowed, with eager brows
like angelic Centaurs we saw riding
Above, Behind, Below, Before, About us
whom Within us and Without us we heard shouting
« Rome !
« to Rome,
« go to Rome !
« go tell the Roman Synagogue.
« Tell Rome ! ».

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT.

COMMENT.

Having bothered not to know the sort of people Mr. Henry Clews Jr. describes so intimately in "Mumbo Jumbo", I dare not think the play a just satire, but marking a family likeness between his dramatic caricatures and the faithful, if artless, self-portrait of his Preface, I think myself fortunate in being unhonoured by these acquaintances. Even without knowing the "charming Virginian family living in Nice who fully appreciate the fact", I do not dare comment on his opinion that "without the stylized, solicitous family butler.... and his traditional mutton-chop whiskers or smooth-shaven face — an insignia of service of which every honest servant is proud — there can be no art or culture".

Did he confine his smart-Alex stupidity to provoking social recognition from the riff-raff who rendezvous at art shops, I would make no comment whatever. That were appropriate in one frightened by Socialism, because considering the "principal purpose of civilization the erecting social barriers so that he may jump from one enclosure to the other". Even as cleanliness, not comment, rids one of things that jump, so it is impious to look for their gratitude toward those who nourish them. To be sure, without Shaw and Mencken, whom he imitates in reviling, Mr. Henry Clews Jr. would never — but no, he would — nibbling from other men just accepted, strength whereby to annoy the just-not-yet accepted. Of Cummings "Three United States Sonnets" in *Broom*, he says "no one but an ultra-select Palace-Hotel democrat, 'jazz-lizard', sex-equalitarian, mob, idolater and progressive machine idealist could possibly have had such an inspiration". You poor little — idy —, you! (since you will get so personal). What do you think you are doing, taking the Editors of *Vanity Fair* at their word and setting up as judge of your own time after reading issue after issue of their paper in all seriousness? and what do you think you are saying, "America is as yet unproductive in the arts?"

What, on what form of exterminator is there devised to rid us of these vermin? These colossi on a small scale with one foot on either side the Atlantic, these envious impotents, these necrophiles, who cannot love anything until it is dead. Annoying as are the camp-followers of modern movements, with all their supercilious ignorance of the past, these arrested '90's with their line about degeneracy are more so, for somehow or other the public is buffaloed by their almighty airs of culture and refinement.

I am about to make my comment, a comment which is at the same time a suggested solution of this grave problem confronting the artistic, intellectual and spiritual situation of the modern world,—

“Miniver Cheevy loved the Medici,

“Albeit he had never seen one”

and I picture with no little amusement Mr. Henry Clews Jr's vision of himself as one of those who, as he says, “were always most friendly with the artisans and generously encouraged them in every way”. But neither his friendship nor his encouragement is of value to anyone and the most he can do in simple justice to himself is: *lick it up*.

J. B. W.

ERRATA

Attention is called to the following *errata* which effect the sense of various passages :

No. VI,	Table of contents	line 4	for “SYRINK”	read “SYRINX”
	page 2	“ 5	“ words ”	“ works ”
	“ 4	“ 26	omit “Although”	
	“ 6	“ 4	for “enchanting”	“enhancing”
	“ 21	“ 36	“allogether”	“altogether”
	“ 22	“ 33	“ wing ”	“ swing ”
No. V	“ 31	“ 10	“ lick ”	“ stick ”

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